

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

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"THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN."

By RITA.

Author of "Dame Durden," "Gretchen," "Darby and Joan," "Sheba," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V. A DISCUSSION.

WHATEVER I might have wished or intended in avoiding Douglas Hay was now rendered impossible. He stayed on at Inverness. He called at Grannie's or the Camerons' daily. Everywhere he received warm welcome. His old faults and sins were conveniently forgotten now that he was rich and prosperous. I was almost tired of hearing how much he had improved. Even the Cameron girls sang his praises from morning till night.

He brought Huel Penryth to call at Craig Bank, and Grannie was delighted with him. He treated her with a grave and gentle courtesy, a chivalrous deference that was infinitely charming. I think the sweet-natured old Scottish lady was a revelation of character to him. He told me that he had never met any person like her—never known what a sense of "rest" the mere presence of one person could give to another—and day after day drifted by, and still they lingered on, and still the Laird remained away after he had unearthed the M'Kayes, and was going here, there, and everywhere in their company. He had gained his point, and they were all coming to stay at Corriemoor; but first the girls wanted to visit Edinburgh and Aberdeen, and then come on to Inverness. Robert M'Kaye, his friend, was very desirous that the Laird should stay with them all the time, and if I did not object, and was content to remain

on at Craig Bank, he felt inclined to do so.

He seemed to think it would be much pleasanter for us all to proceed to Corriemoor together, and I heartily agreed with him.

I read this letter out to Grannie, and found she was only too pleased to keep me with her. Her health had very much improved. She was able to go out now on fine days, and Douglas Hay or his friend would be almost certain to come round and escort her. It gave me a strange pang sometimes to see her leaning on Douglas's stalwart arm, to watch the handsome head bent down to catch her lightest word, to hear the pleasant, ringing voice greet her with its manly welcome—the voice that now was always cold and formal to me.

It was right that it should be so. It was right that we should school ourselves to coldness and formality. But the effort was not easy, and the result was not always pleasant. From that hour when he had sat with me in the little fire-lit drawing-room his manner had entirely changed. It was composed, calm, polite as a stranger's might have been—nothing more. Now and then if a chance glance met mine it was instantly withdrawn. We never exchanged words, save the merest formalities; never were alone for an instant; never, by word, or look, or tone, gave that hint of "Do you remember?" which, of all love's snares, is the hardest to avoid.

A great coldness, and yet a strange content, came over me. I told myself that the sting of the past had been withdrawn, that we had both learnt our lesson, and were satisfied with the learning. Soon enough our ways would part, our mode of

life become that thing of duty and obligation which I had so long known.

I saw a great deal of Huel Penryth. Sometimes I wondered whether Douglas had ever confided any portion of the by-gone love-story to his friend, for it seemed to me often that he was criticising and observing me so keenly.

There was a strange fascination about his conversation—I had never met with a mind so widely cultivated, so keenly analytical, so absolutely indifferent to all weakness of human affection or sympathy.

There are natures here and there which are capable of standing alone, of supplying companionship and interest to themselves, and certainly Huel Penryth possessed such a nature.

I could not marvel at the change in Douglas Hay after two years of companionship and association with this strange being, and that, too, at a time when his own mind and nature must have been most capable of being influenced by strong will and stern judgement. It was with no small surprise that I learnt from Huel Penryth that he had accepted the Laird's invitation to Corriemoor, and had induced Douglas to do the same.

"Hay did not wish to go there; but I have a keen desire to see these famous Lochs that Campbell is always boasting of," he said. "I have travelled far and wide in my time, and I always make a point of seeing as much as there is to be seen in any country. Having come to Scotland, it is scarcely likely that I should leave half of it unexplored. This was a rare chance," he added. "I felt quite grateful when your husband proposed it."

"You will find Corriemoor fearfully dull," I said; "I know of no place that conveys the idea of 'stagnation' so absolutely. Every one is the same at the year's end as they were at the beginning. Everything is done as their fathers, and grandfathers, and great-grandfathers did it. An independent opinion shocks the people. The slightest variation in habit savours of 'boldness' and unorthodoxy. They nearly drove me wild at first with their narrowness and exclusiveness, and sublime self-satisfaction. But I am used to it now."

"That statement," he said, gently, "is not quite true. You could never get used to such a life. It is entirely antagonistic to every feeling and every thought. But you accept it because you cannot help

yourself, and in time you will cease to rebel, and grow calm and even-minded—and, perhaps, content. Then you will be happier."

"That word—always that word," I exclaimed, impatiently; "has it any meaning beyond the mere selfishness of personal enjoyment, or the suitability of one's immediate surroundings?"

He flashed a keen and searching glance at me.

"Have you learnt to ask yourself that?" he said. "I would answer you as I have answered myself. Man seeks to be 'happy' because he is so constituted that pain—physical or mental—is distressing to his organisation. But beyond pure animal enjoyment, that is to say a combination of perfect health, utter indifference to all that ministers not to sense and feeling, and the mere delight in existence, there is no meaning to the word. Shall I tell you why? Because spiritual or mental happiness cannot proceed from itself. It needs participation and sympathy. Here and there a mutual hand-clasp strengthens, a mutual companionship cheers, the delicate tendrils of sympathy and love are clasped, and held by strong and tender support. The momentary ecstasy of such discovery turns all that is highest, purest, noblest in our being to one song of delight. We have found happiness at last. It is secure—it is perfect. The world is bathed in sunshine, the golden lyre of Nature tuned to our own key of joy. For a little space we grasp our dream, believing it 'reality.' But it is never that. Never for a single moment. When it ceases to be a dream, our pleasure in it is gone. Awakening and disillusion are one and the same thing."

"You make life a very dreary thing," I said. "Does not friendship, or kindred, or love—each and all of these do something to lighten its darkness, and smooth its rough paths?"

"Here and there, I grant you, one may meet true friendship, or genuine family affection. Love—that golden idyl of youth, that vision of beauty and delight, we for ever try to seize—love, as we picture and dream of it, is rarely, if ever, found. In its simpler form it may abide, and then, surrounding itself with other interests and affections, prove as satisfactory as most human passions; but love itself, the ethereal, the divine, stealing from some fairyland of romance, making sunshine in the darkness, and

gladness in the day, bringing rapture with a touch, a look of mutual comprehension, a thought shared, a word whispered—love like this has but brief abiding-place. Even as we gain we lose it."

I listened silently. The truth of those words came home to me bitterly, and with a new sense of pain, because they seemed to sound like an echo of all I had dreamt, cherished, lost.

His voice broke on my ear again.

"You have suffered, you have learnt the frailty of human sympathy, and the weakness of human faith. You will be the sadder for your lesson, but the wiser because you learnt it in youth. Put dreams aside; yield yourself to the tyranny of every-day life; bury in its depths the object which has troubled its surface. In time you will learn content; human passions, desires, sentiments will cease to trouble you; you will ask no longer then to be 'happy'; you will have gained a height of serene content that will prove infinitely more satisfactory than any feeling dependent on another, and scored and branded by the fierce scars of human passions."

I sighed involuntarily.

"Ah! if the attainment of such content were easy, or time lagged less upon the road."

"Some day," he answered, "it will seem so cruelly short a journey."

I shook my head.

"Perhaps if one had interest, ambition, occupation. I envy men."

"Believe me, you need not. We suffer quite as keenly as you, even if more peremptory needs force us to put aside our remembering hours and sad memories to some quiet or dark interval in the hurried march of life. We seize upon distraction and occupation with avidity. You think us heartless. So we misjudge and envy one another. Nature cannot judge nature, nor soul soul. The surface histories we read must be widely different from the real story beneath. Who can guess the contents of the volume from its binding, or read the grief of man behind his smile? The martyr's life is not a thing of a past century: it is the pulse of unspoken and unguessed sorrow beating always, always in the breast of humanity. So shall it beat, so shall its passionate pain throb, unstill, unknown, unpitied, till time and life for us have ceased to be!"

The strange melancholy sweetness of his voice touched me almost to tears. In-

stinctively I guessed that he had drawn no exaggerated picture. His was one of those lives suffering silently, sorrowing dumbly; the smart and sting of hidden pain for ever rankling in the tortured heart.

I wondered what had brought to him this burden of unshared grief, what loss, what faithlessness, what dream long dead and broken.

He looked at me suddenly. Perhaps he saw the tears wet on my lashes and read the sympathy in my face. His own softened and grew almost gentle. He took my hand with a sudden nervous pressure.

"You understand me," he said. "I think you are one of the few women who could give sympathy without question. But the day for that is over. I have learnt to stand alone."

CHAPTER VI. SPECULATIONS.

"Do you think the world is coming to an end?" ejaculated Bella, in wonder, looking up from a letter I had just handed to her. "Why, the Laird seems fairly daft about these folk. What a set-out at Corriemoor! The old lady will be thinking her good, steady boy has taken leave of his senses!"

I laughed as I took back the letter, which had arrived by the morning's post.

"It certainly will be a change, and a very great one," I said.

"Well, I'm glad enough for your sake," said my cousin, "you look quite bright and cheery again. It's no longer 'Oh, anything will do for Corriemoor.' I'm thinking that I'll have to look out my braws, and the Leddy o' Cockpen will e'en have to don her silk gowns to preside at her ain board in style, instead of moping like a wee brown mousie in the wainscot."

"I wonder," I said, still smiling, "what Mrs. Campbell thinks of all this."

"She'll fancy that you and I have turned her laddie's head," laughed Bella, "whereas it is all those M'Kayes. Are you not curious to see them?"

"Yes, I think I am, if only for the revolution they seem to have created in the mind of our staid and solemn Laird. It is very pleasant to think of this yacht at our disposal. I have never been on one in my life; and, after hearing such endless rhapsodies on the scenery of the Lochs, I am more than curious to see them."

"I don't fancy you'll be disappointed," said Bella, "provided the weather keeps fair. I have heard a great deal about

Loch Fyne, and Loch Linnhe, and the scenery of the Western Highlands; the sunsets and sunrises over the mountains, and the strange, lonely islands, where only the wild-fowl seem to live. The men will be for shooting, of course, and we women folk must do what we can for amusement. If the M'Kayes are pleasant, I make no doubt we shall enjoy ourselves."

"I think there is little doubt of that," I said.

"You'll mind and not be flirting with Douglas Hay again," said Bella, with sudden seriousness. "Mr. Penryth is safe enough, but it was not the wisest thing in the world for the Laird to ask Douglas."

"He could not surely have asked his friend without including him in the invitation," I said, coldly; "and you need be under no apprehension of my 'flirting,' as you call it. You appear to forget that I am the only married woman of the party, and have to chaperone three eligible damsels. Besides, Douglas Hay and I are little more than strangers now. You can see for yourself how much he is altered."

"That is true," said my cousin, gravely; "but it is an alteration, I fancy, for which you have to answer, that is why I warn you. If he had quite forgotten, and if life were pleasant to him now, he would not look so cold and grave, or avoid you in such a very marked manner. However, one comfort is that you are cured, and not likely to encourage him in any of his old follies."

I glanced quickly at her.

"You are very observant," I said. "Since your mind is at rest respecting Douglas and myself, tell me what you think of Huel Penryth?"

A sudden gravity stole over the bright, winsome face.

"If I told you," she said, "you would laugh at me as fanciful."

"Why should I? He is a man about whom one cannot help wondering and speculating. He excites one's interest from the moment he speaks. Even the Laird did not escape."

"I know that well. What I found out about him was partly from a chance word he let fall, and partly from some conversation I had with Douglas Hay. They stayed a night at Edinburgh on their way here. Douglas told me that, and I said, 'Your old friend Mrs. Dunleith is there; she has quite forsaken Inverness.'"

"I know," he said, quickly. "I went to call on her."

The old sharp, jealous pang at my heart at the mere mention of that name. Bella's eyes met mine. I wondered whether she read any change in my face.

"He did not lose much time," I said, coldly.

"No," she said; "but if you remember it was Mrs. Dunleith who sent him out to Canada and furnished him with introductions which, by the way, he never used. Did you never think it strange, Athole, that neither his father nor Mrs. Dunleith ever told us about his being shipwrecked? They both knew the name of his vessel, though we never heard it."

"How could they suppose it would interest or concern us?"

"Well," she said, indignantly, "Douglas Hay was our friend long before Mrs. Dunleith ever saw him!"

"True," I answered, indifferently; "but, my dear, your conversation is what the old Irishwoman called 'a thrifle dis-coersive.' What has all this to do with Huel Penryth?"

"I am coming to that," she said, impressively. "I am sure, Athole, that he knows something about Mrs. Dunleith, and something not quite—to her credit."

"I should think a great many men might know that," I answered, coldly.

"No doubt," persisted Bella; "but there is some secret, some mystery in her life, and I'm certain Huel Penryth knows it. I can't tell you why I feel this so strongly; but if by any chance her name ever crops up in conversation, you think of what I've told you, and—watch his face."

"I will," I said, not without some wonder at her assurance.

I remembered his strange words, his indifference to human affection, his cynicism with regard to women; and my own conviction that some deep and still unhealed wound dealt him in the past was answerable for all.

Strange if Mrs. Dunleith had been the woman who had wronged him! What could there be about her to charm or win two men so totally opposite in mind and character as Douglas Hay and Huel Penryth? She was not very beautiful, nor very brilliant, nor very alluring; yet she had held so strange a power, that for sake of it one man declared his life had been wrecked; for the sake of it another had been false to all truth, and honour, and chivalry.

I sighed heavily.

"I cannot understand," I said, "why bad women seem to have so much more power than good ones. Look at the things men do, and have done, for them ever since the world had a history to chronicle. The women who have had the greatest charm, and subjugated the most hearts, have always been of the 'syren' and seductive type—Helen, Cleopatra, Phryne, Faustine, Semiramis, the Borgia, Mary of Scotland, Catherine of Russia, the Maintenon, the Pompadour, and ever so many more—but none of them were good, or faithful, or pure women; if they had been they would have had no histories; they could only have loved loyally, and suffered silently."

"Perhaps they would have been happier for that," said Bella. "I often think it must be a great misfortune to be very beautiful. You are always beset by admiration and flattery, you have infinitely more temptation than plain, or merely pretty women. Your own sex are always spiteful and jealous—men won't be your friends, or can't. On the whole, beauty is not so enviable."

"I wonder," I said, somewhat irrelevantly, "in what Mrs. Dunleith's power of charming consists?"

"Well, she would not be likely to waste it on us," laughed Bella; "I confess I am curious about her past. I had always a doubt of her being quite what she represented herself. Adventuresses are not always bold, and obtrusive, and dashing, you know, and the quiet, subtle ones are infinitely more dangerous."

"Douglas was such a boy," I muttered, ill-advisedly, my thoughts drifting back to that time when this woman had held the power to make me so terribly unhappy; "she might have left him alone."

Bella looked quickly up at me.

"Some women," she said, "seem to have a predilection for boys. Perhaps they are safer, or less exacting than those of riper years."

"I wonder if she really was a widow," I persisted.

"Why, my dear child," laughed Bella, "you are positively growing uncharitable. What on earth can it matter to us now who or what she was?"

"Nothing, of course," I said, stupidly; "only it would be some satisfaction to know."

"She is too clever for that," said Bella, gravely; "don't trouble your dear little head about her, coz. She can't spoil our

yachting trip, at all events, and that's all we have to think of at present."

"It seems almost too good to be true," I answered, rising at last, and gathering up my letters. "Oh, Bella, I wish we were starting to-morrow."

She laughed.

"All in good time, dearie. I think it's pretty certain to come off, and that reminds me I must get a serge dress. You might come out with me now, and we'll go to Miss McPherson's and choose one. What about yourself?"

"I shall have one also; navy-blue serge and white braid, I think. Let us have both alike, Bella."

"With all my heart," she agreed.

So we told Grannie we were bound for the dressmaker's, and then I dressed, and we marched sedately down to the High Street—thoughts and tongues still occupied with the all-engrossing topic of the yachting trip.

MARY MUSGRAVE—THIEF.

A COMPLETE STORY.

"NINE carats ef it's a blessed one."

"Scale 'im, and ye'll find he's a half better. Christmas puddings! What a bit o' glass! Clear es a bottle o' gin, an' flawless es the Pope! Tommy Dartmoor, ye're in luck, s'welp me never ef ye ain't, an' that's a brilliant yer can show the polis and not get time fer."

Tommy Dartmoor, who owed his surname to a Crown establishment, within the restraining walls of which he had once enjoyed a temporary residence, growled out a recommendation to "stow that"; and then added: "Boys, we'll wet this. Trek to Werstein's."

Forthwith a crowd of dirty, tanned diggers turned their heads in the direction of Gustav Werstein's American Bar, and walked towards it as briskly as the heat and their weariness would admit of. The Israelite saw them coming, straightened himself out of the half-doze in which he had passed the baking afternoon, stopped down the Boer tobacco in the porcelain bowl of his long-stemmed pipe with stumpy forefinger, and, twisting a cork off his corkscrew, stood in readiness.

"Name yer pizons, boys, an' get outside 'em, wishin' all good luck to R'yal Straight. R'yal Straight bein' the name o' this yer stone given by Thomas D. Hesquire, original disciverer, and present perpriotor."

The orders were given—Bass at five shillings a bottle; small champagne—née gooseberry—at five pounds; Cape smoke at two shillings per two fingers—and at a given signal there was an inarticulate roar from dusty throats, an inversion of tumblers over thirsty mouths, and a second inversion over the ground to show that all the liquid contents had disappeared.

Satan, the one cat, and only domestic pet of the camp, saw that there was a general treat going on, and bustling up for his drink, took a can of condensed milk at six shillings. Other diggers came trooping in as the news spread; and Tommy Dartmoor, who was rapidly becoming mellow, for he drank half a tumbler of raw whisky with every one who nodded to him, stood them refreshments galore; whilst the greasy Jew began to see visions of his adopted fatherland in the near distance.

Without, the mining camp was deserted.

It was just upon sundown, and the bloated yellow disc was balancing on the horizon. The Scholar—an ex-Christ-Church man who had driven tandem to the dogs in his salad days, and had then had other troubles which had driven him out of England—the Scholar pictured it as “for all the world like a big hot frying-pan.” But that was one day when he had a touch of fever, and was feeling sentimental; and in general he agreed with the other miners in describing it as an infernal nuisance. The once-green veldt was burnt and dusty; the scattered mounds of blue clay were desecrated to the highest degree; the corrugated-iron roofs of the miners’ shanties were so hot that the atmosphere beneath them was more fit to bake bread in than to pass through human lungs; and the inhabitants of this delectable spot—Kaffirs and whites alike—were unanimous in agreeing that it was just the day for a drink.

Tommy, as we have seen, was standing unlimited treat; but although Tommy was drunk, he was not drunk enough to waste liquor on a Kaffir. He might drink himself insensible, he might buy liquor merely to pour it on to the thirsty earth—he had, as a point of fact, done both more than once—but it never could be said that Mr. Thomas Dartmoor had wasted the heaven-sent liquids dispensed by the hands of Herr Gustav Werstein on a mere heathen. He certainly might not be a good man—he did not set up as such—but he was far too much of a Christian to commit that enormity.

So the Kaffirs, except those who had supplies of their own, kept sober and peaceful, whilst the higher order of the human race at Big Stone Hole, after the manner of their kind, began to squabble. It was natural for them to do so, perhaps, for the weather was hot, and the liquors, for the most part, more so; and under these circumstances men do not always cast about them long for a casus belli. One or two minor brawls opened the ball, and Herr Gustav, scenting battle in the air, drew from a locker a card, which he balanced against the bottles on a shelf above his head. It read thus:

“GENTS IS REKESTED TO SHOOT
CLEAR OF THE BARR-KEP.

BROKIN GLAS MAY BE PADE FOR
AT COST PRISE,”

and had been written for the German by a gentleman who had had some experience in Forty Rod Gulch, Sierra Nevada. The action elicited a contemptuous laugh from one or two of the new hands, but the oldsters began shifting sundry articles which depended from their belts into positions from which they might be handled at the shortest notice; and the black cat, more wise than any of them, having drunk his fill, stalked solemnly out into the security of the darkness.

The sun went down—went out with a click, some one declared—and, as no twilight interposed between daylight and darkness in the country which Big Stone Hole ornamented, Herr Gustav lit his two paraffine lamps. Neither boasted of more than a one-inch wick, and as their glasses were extremely smoky, the illumination was not brilliant; but it sufficed to show the flushed, angry faces of a couple of men standing in the centre of the room, with all the others clustered round, watching eagerly. One was the Scholar. The other was a burly giant, whose missing left little finger caused him to be nicknamed the Cripple. About what they had originally fallen out was not clear to any one, to themselves least of all. As the case stood when the second lamp was lit, Scholar had called Cripple a something-or-othered liar, and Cripple, who was not inventive, had retorted by stigmatising Scholar as another. Further recriminations followed, and their pistols were drawn; but as the audience had a strong objection to indiscriminate shooting, by which it was not likely to benefit, the belligerents were seized. No one was unsportsmanlike

enough to wish to stop the fight, and Jockey Bill, giving voice to the general wish of the meeting, proposed that the gents be fixed up agin a couple o' posts outside, where they might let daylight into one another without lead-poisoning casual spectators.

The motion was acted on, and after rectifying a slight omission on the Cripple's part—he had forgotten to put caps on the nipples of his revolver—the pair of them were sat upon upturned barrels, some ten yards apart, each with a lamp at his feet, and told to begin when they saw fit to do so. The swarthy, bearded diggers grouped themselves on either side, and the cat, emerging from his retreat, scrambled on to the shoulder of one of them, fully as curious as the rest to "see the shootin'." It was a weird sight, take it all round—dust, scorched grass, empty tins, rude hovels, piles of débris, African moonlight—yet except, perhaps, in the eyes of the newest comers, there was nothing strange in it. The others were too wrapped up in what was going to take place to see anything quaint in their every-day surroundings. There was no theatre in the camp. The little impromptu drama riveted all attention.

But before the duel commenced, a galloping horse, which had approached over the grassy veldt unnoticed during the little excitement, drew up with a crash between the two combatants, and its rider, raising his hand to command attention, cried :

"Boys, there's a white woman comin'!"

"A white woman!" chorussed thirty voices in various tones of disbelief. "What, here? White woman comin' here, Dan?"

And then some one enquired if she was a Boer.

"Boer—no," replied Dan; "English—English as I am; leastways Englisher, bein' Amurrican born myself. Overtook her et Hottentot Drift. Thort I'd spur on an' tell yer. We'd do wi' a clean-up, some on us."

Dan spoke indistinctly, as a bullet had disarranged some of his teeth a short while since; but his words had a wonderful effect.

Each man began instinctively to tidy himself. The would-be duellists, forgetting their recent quarrel, stuck the revolvers in their belts, and followed the general example. The Cripple hid him to the store, and after breaking down the door, abstracted the only blacking-brush in the camp—putting down a sovereign on the

counter in exchange for it—and set-to polishing his high boots as if a fortune were dependent on their brightness. The Scholar bought Herr Gustav's white shirt for a fiver, threatening to murder its owner if he did not render it up. And Partridge, a good man from Norfolk, with a regrettable weakness for shooting other people's game, induced a friend to denude him of his flowing locks by means of a clasp-knife and a hunk of wood, as no scissors were procurable.

The wardrobes of Big Stone Hole were stocked more with a view to strict utility than variety or ornamentation, and the slender resources of the store utterly gave out under the sudden strain that was put upon them. In every direction grimy, unkempt men might be seen attempting to beautify themselves. Here was one enduring agonies from a razor which would scarcely whittle a stick; here another recalling the feel of a cake of soap; there a great fellow pulling faces as he struggled to get the teeth of a comb into his shock of hair; there another brushing the clay from his moleskin trousers with a tuft of stiff grass.

It seemed to these men ages since they had last seen a woman in the flesh—Kaffir women don't count; they are not women: merely Kaffirs—and, with the natural instinct of males of every species, they set about pluming their feathers.

These operations, though speedy as might be, were necessarily prolonged, for most of the men required several buckets of water over the head before they felt fit for such unaccustomed exercises; and they were scarcely finished, before the creaking of wheels, and the cries of the voorloper as he urged his oxen, announced that the wagon was within earshot. Up it came, the great tilt gleaming white in the moonlight, and every eye was fixed expectantly on the dark chasm within. The driver, puffed up with his own importance, cracked his long whip, and deigned not to notice the men whom he usually greeted with a friendly hail; and the Hottentot boy ahead, imitating his master, vouchsafed no explanation. With more deathly slowness than usual did the lumbering vehicle crawl along until the tired cattle pulled up before the door of the American Bar. Then there was a rush, and a bit of a scuffle for the honour of handing the woman out. The Cripple was the fortunate man, and, after assisting her to the ground, waved his tattered hat towards the gleaming open

doorway. But did not speak. Words were beyond him. Indeed, the diggers, who were none of them particularly remarkable for taciturnity as a general thing, seemed with one exception to be stricken dumb. But the Scholar proved himself equal to the occasion, and with courtly phrase bade the new-comer welcome to the camp. He had always been a popular man amongst women in his palmier days, though openly holding rather a poor opinion of them; and as the one before him now was neat of speech and comely of form, he was not at all averse to enjoying her society and conversation.

"I should be much obliged if you would direct me to an hotel," she said, after taking a look round the cheap gaudiness of the saloon.

"I'm sorry to say that we have no hotel here as yet, Miss—or—I"

"Musgrave. Miss Mary Musgrave"—with a little bow. "But you alarm me. I heard that a German had started an hotel here."

"No, there is nothing but this. That"—pointing to Herr Gustav, who was regarding the new-comer with an evil eye—"that is the German."

Miss Musgrave appeared distressed.

"Then where can I go?" she asked.

"Are there any lodgings to be had?"

"The lady may have my place," chorussed three eager voices, and every man in the room repeated the offer.

She thanked them with a pretty smile and one comprehensive bow, and looked up at the Scholar for help.

"I would offer you my hut if it were not such a wretched one. But, as it is, I should advise you to take this man's"—and he pointed to Tommy Dartmoor.

"Why, mine's twenty carats better than his'n," exclaimed the Cripple.

"And mine better'n either," growled Dan.

"Mine's the best of the lot."

"No it isn't, mine is," yelled others, till there was a general roar, which caused Miss Musgrave to look frightened and shrink nearer to the Scholar, and that gentleman to raise his hand for silence.

"Look here," said he: "we'll pick out the twelve best, and their owners can cut with one another from a pack of cards."

After some discussion, twelve were settled upon; but the number was immediately raised to thirteen to prevent Jockey Bill disgracing the camp by shooting before a lady. A pack of cards was placed on the

bar, and each man chose one, holding his selection face downwards till all were ready. Then the Scholar said "Turn," and there were exhibited five aces, two kings, a queen, three knaves, and two smaller cards. This was awkward, to say the least of it, and, whilst sarcastic laughter rippled amongst the spectators, there was an instinctive movement of right hands towards the back of the belt on the part of each of the thirteen.

But the Scholar's voice, full of remonstrance, said, "Boys, you're being looked at," and there was a regretful sigh or two, but no bloodshed.

Miss Musgrave gazed enquiringly from one to the other, and the Scholar, laying his hand confidentially on her arm, whispered something in her ear. She smiled, whispered back, and was answered; and then, stripping off a pair of well-fitting fawn gloves, she took the cards in a pretty little white hand, and dealt out one to each of the competitors with charming clumsiness.

"Ain't touched a keard afore, bless her," whispered Euchre Buck, giving his neighbour Dan a nudge in the ribs to call attention to this wonderful piece of girlish innocence. "Square a deal as George Washington mought ha' made." Then, as the greasy paste-boards were turned up, and his neighbour was handed the ace of clubs, he raised his voice and yelled out: "Bully for you, Dan! Cut away an' clear yer cabin out."

Away scampered Dan out into the darkness, with the rest of the crew at his heels. Their home-comforts were very small, poor fellows; but each gave of his best, though the gifts were often incongruous enough. In half an hour the cabin was fitted out with a small cracked looking-glass, two combs, an old hair-brush—still wet from the wash—a pail, a frying-pan, three kettles, two three-legged stools, and so many blankets that some were requisitioned to carpet the floor. The whole crowd accompanied Miss Musgrave to her door, and gave her a cheer by way of good-night. She bowed to them, smiling her thanks, and looking, as they thought, entrancingly lovely as she stood there, with the pale moonbeams falling full on her.

Then she turned to go in; but as Euchre Buck stepped forward with an admonishing cough, she waited, and looked round at him.

"Miss," said he, holding out a big revolver in his hard fist, "you take this yer

gun, an' ef any one whistles, or otherwise disturbs you, let a hole into him straight away, an' we'll see him buried decent."

But Miss Musgrave courteously, and with profuse thanks, refused the offer, and saying that she had perfect confidence in all who were around her, gave Euchre Buck a bewitching smile, went inside, and closed the door after her.

Then the diggers returned to Gustav Werstein's American Bar, and discussed the new arrival.

"I knows Nookmarket, an' Hascot, an' Hepsom, an' all the places where swells goes in England," said Jockey Bill, enthusiastically; "but never one come there as pretty as she, stop my licence if ther' did."

"Grand eyes, hain't she?" said Tommy Dartmoor. "Regular fust water uns. Here's to 'em."

"And—a—hoof! Seed it peep below her gownd. S'welp me ef it wer'es big es my bacca box!"

"An' 'er close, gentlemen! Made to measure, every thread on 'em, I allow."

"She's a lady, boys," exclaimed he who had offered to see after a funeral, "a reg'lar slap-up, high-toned, blow-ye-eyes-don't-touch-me lady; an' as she see fit to do the civil to this fellar"—striking himself on the chest—"he's just going to drop his professional name, an' arsk yer to call him Mister Samuel K. Gregson, Esquire. Play on that."

"Lady be hanged," began a more refined voice than any that had yet spoken. "Not much! I tell you—Hullo!"

The Scholar stopped suddenly, and swung his fist round behind him, but a stern voice said:

"Throw up yer hands, or ye'll never get yer boots off again. We got the drop on yer this time."

The ex-Christ-Church man saw four black, powder-grimed tubes levelled at him, and, after hesitating a moment, clasped his hands behind his head, and looked at his adversaries unflinchingly.

"What next?" he demanded.

"Down on yer knees an' swaller that."

"I'll be hanged if I kneel to any man."

"Shot, Scholar; not hanged, shot," suggested Euchre Buck, blandly.

"Shoot away," returned the other, indifferently. "I'm about sick of this place already, and as a woman sent me here, a woman may as well send me on. Steady your muzzle, Tommy. Drinking's making your hand shake."

There was a dead silence for a minute or so, each expecting one of the others to fire, and each being unwilling, through admiration of the Scholar's pluck, to pull trigger himself. Then Euchre Buck, without lowering his weapon, asked:

"Will yer take it back ef we let yer stand?"

The Scholar appeared to consider how far this concession was damaging to his dignity, and then saying: "Oh, if you are anxious about it, I'll admit that I may have been mistaken," stuffed his hands into his pockets and walked out.

Next morning the inhabitants of Big Stone Hole were startled by reading this announcement outside the cabin which Dan had resigned to Miss Musgrave:

SINGING AND MUSIC TAUGHT.

LITERARY WORK DONE.

It was printed on a card, which was affixed to the door by means of a drawing-pin, and from within came the sound of a contralto voice singing to a guitar accompaniment. One by one the male residents of Big Stone Hole drew near to that iron-roofed hut and stopped to listen; but after commenting on the innovation in gleeful whispers—for guitar had never twanged in that part of Africa before—they moved on to their work. No consideration could cause them to neglect that. They might fritter away the dull, rough gems when they had found them; but the lust of handling diamonds once was the strongest passion they knew. And so the day's toil was not curtailed; but at the conclusion Miss Musgrave had an application for instruction in music from every man in the camp, with one exception. This one defaulter was Euchre Buck. He owned to having no ear for music—thereby exhibiting more honesty than many of the others—and confessed to knowing only two tunes, one of which was "Hail, Columbia," and the other—wasn't; and so he said he wanted some "literary work done." He proposed to Miss Musgrave that she should write a history of his life at half-a-guinea a page, thereby—'cute Yankee that he was—thinking to appropriate the whole of her time.

But embarrassed by all these calls upon her, and obviously unable to satisfy each of them, Miss Musgrave turned for help to the Scholar, whom she appeared to regard as her special adviser; and he promising a solution of the difficulty in half an hour,

drew off the whole crowd to the American Bar, where the question was threshed out in all its points.

It was clearly evident that Miss Musgrave could not surrender to each individual the whole of her evening, even if any one had been willing to let his neighbour monopolise it, which no one was, and therefore it was necessary to formulate some scheme by which the outcome of her talents might be distributed over a larger area. But what the scheme should be was not settled all in a minute. One man wanted to hear her sing, another to hear her talk, another was willing to give five pounds an hour for the privilege of talking to her. After a lengthened discussion, which was excited throughout, and at times verged on the warlike, it was decided to effect a compromise—subject of course to Miss Musgrave's inclinations—and a deputation was sent to learn her views on the subject.

There was no assembly-room in the place, excepting Werstein's saloon—which, of course, was not available for such a purpose—and so it was proposed to her, with much humility, that she should take up her position in the evenings on a chair outside her hut, and there discourse such vocal and instrumental music as she saw fit, interlarding the same with friendly conversation. What was she to talk about? Anything—absolutely anything. They didn't mind what it was, so long as they heard her voice. Five shillings, the committee had decided, was to be paid by every man who came within ear-shot. And any one who wanted a free list was requested to argue the matter out with Euchre Buck.

This call upon her powers seemed to take Miss Musgrave aback.

"I have never sung in public," she pleaded, rather nervously. "Indeed, my voice is not good enough for it; really it isn't. Only I thought I could teach a little, perhaps, and that is why I came here. You see, mother is an invalid, and we were so very poor, that—"

"Miss," broke in Jockey Bill, "call it ten bob a 'ead, and just 'um to us."

"Oh no, Mr. William, it was not the money that I thought about; indeed, five shillings would be far too much. But if you think that I should be able to amuse you at all, I would do my very best—believe me I would."

"Miss," growled Dan, with a clumsy endeavour to chase away her diffidence,

"all we asks is fer you to sit near us fer a spell. Ef you sings or plays, we'd be proud; ef you just looks an' talks, we'd be pleased."

So in the end Miss Musgrave yielded to the wishes of the community, and the nightly conclave in the American Bar became so much a thing of the past that Gustav Werstein was heard to threaten another emigration. The songs were to the diggers new, and yet not new. There was nothing of the music-hall type about them; they were nearly all old-fashioned ditties. She sang to them of "Barbara Allen," and "Sally in Our Alley"; she gave them "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and called for a chorus; she sang the "Message," the "Arrow and the Song"; and she brought back memories of other days, when Africa was to them a mere geographical expression—of days when that something had not happened which had sent them away from home.

Sunday came, the fifth day after her arrival, and it differed from the usual Sabbath of Big Stone Hole. Sunday had been observed before by the biggest drinking bout of the week, and a summary settlement of the previous six days' disputes. Now, to the huge surprise of the Kaffirs, and to the still greater surprise of themselves, these diamond-diggers sang hymns at intervals during the day, and refrained from indulging in the orthodox carouse till after Miss Musgrave had retired for the night. It was a wonderful change.

During the next week a fall of earth took place in Tommy Dartmoor's claim. Two Kaffirs were killed; and when the proprietor himself was extricated from the débris of blue clay which held him down, he was found to have a broken arm, besides other serious injuries.

"Don't let on to her," he managed to gasp out to his rescuers, wishing to spare Miss Musgrave's nerves a shock.

But she saw the men bearing him to his hut, joined them, and insisted on being installed as sole nurse forthwith.

Twenty other men would willingly have broken an arm for such a reward; and the recklessness displayed during the next few days was something awful. But she saw that, too—little escaped those big blue eyes—and ascribing it to drink, gave a pretty strong lecture on the bibulous habits of Big Stone Hole, at her next concert.

There was an earnest meeting in the American Bar that night, at which the following motion was put and carried unanimously: "On and after this date, any drunken man is liable to be shot at sight, unless his friends can prove that he has dug over three carats of diamonds during the day." And then, like other reformers, they went on to more sweeping measures. "Only knife-fighting to take place in the camp. All disputes with pistols, unless of a very pressing nature, to be settled out of earshot of Dan's house." There were even some hints of appointing a closing time for the saloon. "It would make the place so much more like home." But the promoter eventually withdrew his suggestion, as it was justly felt that such a motion would interfere with the liberty of the subject too much. But a storm of cheers burst forth when it was proposed to transfer the diamond safe from Werstein's keeping to a corner of the new goddess's shrine.

Even Satan joined in the general adoration, and, more favoured than the rest, enjoyed at times a chaste salute from Miss Musgrave's ripe red lips.

Never, in so short a space of time, had a community been more changed for the better than was that of Big Stone Hole. Never had woman's humanising influence made itself more clearly felt. The azure cloud of blasphemy that hung over the workings and the rest of the camp was replaced again by the normal dust. The diggers took to washing themselves at least once a week, and at times even indulged in a clean shirt. Empty provision cans, "dead marines," and other debris were thrown to the backs of the huts, instead of being allowed to lie in unsightly heaps before the doors. Each man tried to beautify the inside of his shanty to the best of his means and ideas, for there was no knowing when the only "she" would take it into her pretty, capricious head to pay a call. In this latter line the Scholar had a decided pull. Education had taught him taste; necessity, handiness; and by aid of the two he transformed his rude dwelling into something approaching the rooms in which he used to dawdle away the happy hours, time ago. It was partly drawing-room, partly curiosity shop. The walls were stencilled with pigments made from coloured earths, and hung with prints in Oxford frames, with a few pieces of quaint delf, with African weapons and oddments; the floor was carpeted with

mats deftly woven from coloured reeds and grasses, on which luxurious easy-chairs and a veritable tea-table—whittled from local timber by a deft Bowie—stood in orthodox confusion. The bed seemed nothing more or less than a sofa; whilst all domestic implements were relegated to the comparative privacy of an extempore outhouse. Cups, saucers, spoons, et ea omnia, appeared as if by magician's call; and one blazing afternoon the news flashed round the diamond pits that Miss Musgrave was "taking afternoon tea with the Scholar."

It acted as a death-blow to several hopes; for though she had as yet markedly returned the attentions of no one in particular, many had aspirations that she would do in time. Some of these blighted sighers contented themselves with tobacco and silence; but others did such wonders at the American Bar that the dejected Hebrew had visions of seeing the former thirst of the Big Stone Holeians reconstituted in all its droughty completeness. But when the Scholar saw the dismay his simple act had spread around him, he dissipated it with a kindly laugh and a few reassuring words.

"Don't mind me, boys. I was only doing the civil in a purely Platonic manner. Miss Musgrave is nothing to me; nor am I anything to her. Heaven forbid! I'm too hard a bargain for any girl. If any one of you marries her, I'll act as his best man if he asks me to, and wish him every felicity without a thought of regret."

"Bully for the Scholar!" yelled the delighted crowd; and Miss Musgrave's smiles were more sought after than ever.

So things went on day after day, week after week, till Miss Musgrave became little short of an autocratic Empress. Yet she was so gentle and modest, looked so shocked when an oath slipped out—as it would do occasionally, even with the best intentioned—that it was as goddess, rather than Queen, that they adored her. But still she showed no signs of taking unto herself a consort; she kept all men at a cousinly distance, and those who felt intimate enough to address her as "Miss Mary" accounted themselves uncommonly fortunate. Thus the little machine of state worked perfectly harmoniously, and Big Stone Hole was as steady and prosperous a settlement as need be.

Had these diggers refreshed their minds by looking back for historical parallels, they might have been prepared in some

degree for Miss Musgrave's exit from amongst them; but as none of them indulged in such retrospections, the manner of it took the camp somewhat by surprise.

It was first discovered in this wise. Work was over for the day. The Kaffirs had been searched, and had returned to their kraal. Pipes were being lit after the evening meal, and a picturesque assembly was grouping itself in an expectant semicircle on the sun-baked turf in front of Miss Musgrave's dwelling. She was usually outside to welcome the first-comers, and her absence naturally formed the staple topic of conversation. Digger after digger arrived, threw himself down, and joined in the general wonderment as to why Miss Mary wasn't there; and at last some one hazarded a suggestion that she "must be asleep." There was a general epidemic of noisy coughing for a full minute, and then silence for another; but no sound from within the hut.

"Perhaps she's ill," was the next surmise.

After the etiquette to be followed had been strictly discussed, and a rigid course of procedure set down, the Scholar got up and knocked at the door. He received no answer, and so knocked again—knocked several times, in fact, and then rattled the handle vigorously; but without result.

"Better open it," said a voice.

And he did so; and after looking inside, announced:

"She's not there."

At this moment Dan came up.

"My ole mar's gone," he said; "an' she ain't stampeded, neither, but was stole. Tote-rope's been untied, an' saddle an' bridle took as well."

There was uncomfortable silence, which the Scholar broke by a low, long-drawn whistle.

"Boys," said he, "let's look inside the safe."

The three men who held the keys brought them up, the bolts were shot, and the massive door swung back. There was every man's little sack with his name on it; but somehow or other the sacks looked limper than of yore. Each one was eagerly clutched and examined, and many a groan, and not a few curses, went up on the still night air as it was found that every sack save Dan's had been relieved of the more valuable part of its contents.

So much heart-breaking labour under the burning sun thrown away for nothing;

the dreary work to commence afresh, almost from the beginning! Had the thief been any ordinary one, the denunciation would have been unbounded; but no one lifted his tongue very loudly against Mary Musgrave. Yet mounted men were despatched on the three trails to bring back the booty if possible, and the rest moved dejectedly towards their old club. The greasy Jew did not attempt to conceal his exultation. He served his customers with his wicked old face glowing with smiles, and when a moment's breathing time came, he observed:

"We all 'az our leetle surprizes in dis wairld, an' I most confais I am asdonished myself to lairn dat Mess Mosgrave is a thief——" But here a crashing amongst the glassware announced that Tommy Dartmoor had begun shooting with his left hand, and Herr Gustav spluttered out from behind the fingers he held before his face, "Ach! Gott, I say nozzing more!"

There was no heavy drinking that night, nor, even more strange to relate, was there much noisy discussion. Some of the men were stunned by their loss, and others, who would have waxed garrulous and abusive, were stayed by the warning looks of Tommy Dartmoor and other partisans. No one denied the theft; but all admitted that it might have been more thorough. Those few precious pebbles at the bottom of the sacks, and Dan's untouched hoard, lingered gratefully in their memories.

The horsemen returned unsuccessful. Mary Musgrave had disappeared without leaving the slightest trace; and work went on as usual. I suppose I shall be expected to say that these diggers went utterly to the bad; but as they did nothing of the sort, I shall not perjure myself. True, when their self-made idol disappeared, taking with her many of the valuables from her shrine, they learnt that there was more than the usual modicum of clay in her composition; but for all that, the ground which had been shone on by the lustre of her presence had not been lighted in vain. One or two relapsed into their old ruffianly habits; but the majority of the denizens of Big Stone Hole remained in more or less the same moral condition in which Miss Musgrave left them.

When, in after years, Jockey Bill—who had set up a public-house in England on his savings—saw that redoubtable woman drive past his door in a carriage and pair, and mentioned the fact to the Scholar—who had succeeded to the paternal

acres—when he came in for a glass of beer and a chat over old times, the pair of them decided not to hand her over to justice, as she had done them much more good than harm. But, on the other hand, they were firmly agreed not to cultivate her acquaintance further.

THE OLD MASTERS AND OTHERS.

THE annual winter exhibition at Burlington House, as the century goes on, must sure, ere long, exhaust the supply of Old Masters, rich as our private collections are in such pictures. It will soon be a question of serving them as country parsons are said to deal with their stock of sermons, namely, to turn the heap and begin again. Not that the general public who go to picture exhibitions will regret much the falling off in Old Masters, if they get plenty of our own English school, in which the subjects as well as the artists are of interest and of our acquaintance, as it were.

"Oh, what a sweet, lovely picture, James!" cries an enthusiastic young woman to her sweetheart, lingering over a David Cox, in the water-colour room the other day. James turns prosaically to his catalogue.

"'Vale of Culwid,' Polly. I never was there, and can't give an opinion."

And that is the way with most of us; we like to have landscapes we have seen, or may come to see, although we shall never see them as the artist did; and portraits of people we know something about.

In this spirit we fall at once upon a Reynolds. It is little Master Bunbury, in a crimson coat, with his mouth open, and who will wear a red coat by-and-by, and be just such a captain in lace as any of the rest. But the boy interests because of his mother, Catherine Horneck, in her maiden state, or "Little Comedy," as she was called by poor Oliver Goldsmith, who owed to her and her sister Mary, the "Jessamy Bride," the pleasantest hours of his life. And it is just before the beginning of the year in which Master B. was born, that Mrs. Bunbury writes from Suffolk to the "doctor" a rhymed letter, laughingly inviting him "to open our ball the first day in the year." And he is to have an evening at loo, also, to sit between the two sisters as in the old times, and be guided and corrected in his play. It is the old-fashioned five-card loo,

such as used to be played in the old châteaux of Brittany, under the name of Mistigis, as Balzac somewhere charmingly describes. However, it is not quite the same thing now, and poor Goldie never, it seems, visited Suffolk, and when the mother brought her boy to London to sit to Sir Joshua, Goldsmith was dead and well-nigh forgotten.

The same link of events gives an increased interest to the portrait of Mary Horneck, by Hoppner, mature and dignified as Mrs. Gwyn. But there is also a charming Sir Joshua, of the same, as Miss Horneck, in a Persian dress, seated on the ground, and with a face so frank and charming that it dwells in the memory from some long-time-ago exhibition, and is greeted again with delight.

Another familiar note is struck by the excellent portrait, by Gainsborough, of James Christie, with a fine, thoughtful face. Here it strikes one how the costume of that period was adapted to put youth, maturity, and elderliness, on a level in respect of appearance. Mr. Christie was well-nigh fifty when that portrait was painted, and he does not look thirty. The powdered hair—as the wig formerly—bade defiance to the snows of many winters, and the closely-shaven face and dignified costume gave no extra points in the youngster's favour; and Christie must have felt himself a mere youth when, in the winter of 1770, he had a small exhibition of his own, a consignment of art treasures from Naples, to be sold at his great room in Pall Mall. Three years later he was selling a collection of "ancient statues, bustos, bas-reliefs," brought over from Italy by the brothers Adam—those brothers who built the Adelphi Buildings, and who built one particular church in the county which was so portentously ugly that, although sound and substantial enough a century afterwards, the neighbourhood, roused to a sense of art, subscribed handsomely to have it pulled down.

But at this rate we shall not get through the galleries in a week. Again we have to deal with the origin of things in portraits of the family of Cocks, who appear as bankers for more than a century, and still sail under the same ensign, near Charing Cross. These portraits are exceedingly well painted, in what must be an early manner, by Zoffany, who was a German, from the Empire of Thurn and Taxis, and who worked hard at such

portraits as these for little money, till he caught the breath of Court favour, and became fashionable. The artist's fashionable style, which does not bear out the promise of his earlier work, is seen in a portrait group of some of the Spencer family.

There is another portrait group of much interest, "attributed to Zoffany," but which is before his time. The interest comes in, by its showing our favourite, and Pope's, and Gay's, saucy, fascinating Molly Lepel, the beauty of George the Second's Court, now a happy, pleasant-looking matron, with a daughter just married, who recalls the graceful sauciness of her mother. There is a younger daughter, also just married, who takes after her father, Pope's Lord Fanny, and Sporus, in delicacy of appearance and constitution, and who dies young eventually, although she looks happy enough now with the frank and handsome young squire, her husband of recent days. And, if the truth were known, the hero of the piece who takes leave of his family, the brilliant young sea captain, whose ship can be seen lying at rest on the blue sea between the marble columns, this gallant Augustus John is also recently married; but neither mother, sisters, nor the artist who paints him knows anything about it. It was this gay spark who fascinated the fair Miss Chudleigh, so that she consented to a private marriage with him, then only a younger son with no great provision, except his seamanship. Then Johnnie went to sea, and Miss Chudleigh, the voyage being a protracted one, met with an older and more staid admirer, the Duke of Kingston, a man of immense wealth, and went through the form of marriage with him. If she had known how to wait she might have been Countess of Bristol after all, for her sailor laddie eventually succeeded his brother, who died childless. But the young gentleman did not act like Enoch Arden, and go quietly away when he found that somebody else had got his wife. He made a row about it, and eventually the Duchess was tried, and convicted of bigamy. But as the Duke had left her almost everything so secured that no verdict could disturb it, she took flight to Italy, and lived there in great magnificence all the rest of her life. As for Augustus John, he does not seem ever to have got over his disappointment, and was succeeded in the earldom by a brother, whose eldest son

occupies an adjoining canvas painted by Gainsborough.

To return from the sitters to the artists. There is something interesting about this Zoffany, who has furnished many good subjects for the engraver, and whose "Cock-fight in India," painted on the spot, often attracts attention in a print-shop window. Zoffany was an adventurous kind of artist, and made himself at home in foreign capitals as well as among the Nawabs and Rajahs of India, and the dandified sporting, betting, pagoda tree-shaking officers of John Company; and he brought back a fair share of the windfalls too, from that wonderful tree. We seem to have heard of him at his quiet old-fashioned house at Strand-on-the-Green—a pleasant river-side hamlet, which people pass unnoticed as they cross Kew Bridge. Here he was not far distant from his contemporary De Loutherbourg, who lived in one of those tall houses in Hammersmith Terrace, lower down the river than Chiswick Church, in the quiet graveyard of which both De Loutherbourg and Hogarth lie buried. And the former is brought within hail of the present century by De Quincey, who tells us of an elder brother of his own, who went to De Loutherbourg to study art.

Not far from the entrance we have two of his excellent sea fights, yard-arm to yard-arm, burning ships, flashing guns, rigging rent and tattered, while in contrast the moon, rising in stately splendour over a calm sea, or gleaming over a tempest-tossed horizon, seems to reproach the turmoil and slaughter of the hour. So excellent is the scenic effect that it is not surprising to find that the artist formed one of the earliest of the band, who from the painting-room of old Drury have found fame and even fortune in other fields of art.

Then from the lurid lights of the sea fight we may turn to the peaceful beauty of old Crome. A beautiful pair are the willow and the oak, by this most famous master. Close by is a Turner, who shows, in his early gloomy manner, a distant view of Sheerness. Yes, there is the great fighting dépôt of the Channel Fleet, under a cloudy sky, with buildings looming in the distance, and a great three-master, with drooping sails, that rides heavily on the gloomy tide.

From this scene we may glide away to the gallery where the Dutch masters display the charm of the low, flat horizon, the watery highway, and the broad, sluggish

river. Here are Dutch masters, if you please, of whom the uninitiated have hardly ever heard. But every one is pleased to meet Albert Cuyp and his cows; yet for once we have a picture of his without a cow in it—a bustling river-scene on the Maas, soldiers embarking—with buildings, perhaps the Boompjes, not far away. And, for a Dutch master, what a phenomenon is Jacob Van Ruysdael, with his rocks and waterfalls, and his modern feeling for the picturesque, like one born before his due time!

Again, what a pleasant surprise to come upon old London Bridge among the Dutchmen—a careful painting of the old bridge as existing in the time of Charles the First, by one Claude de Jongh—the bridge stacked with tall, gabled houses, and gates where traitors' heads might stick; and with a drawbridge in the middle for the tall-masted caracks; and gloomy old houses rising from the water, where the Old Swan Pier is now; and the placid tide, on which is all the movement of the age—the Royal barge, with its rich canopy and hangings, wherries shooting to and fro with staid citizens and their wives, the richly-adorned craft of nobles and courtiers; and among them all a party of dark, solemn men in a long barge, which might be an ancestress of the Maria Wood of swanhopping fame.

But without any special craze for the Dutch or Flemish Schools, who can help being delighted with the fine, manly portraiture of Frank Hals, whose bold, yet thoughtful, burghers of the period stand out as living characters, instinct with life? There are gems, too, of the finest water—first from the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace, "A Merry-making," by David Teniers, "A Dutch Revel," by Jan Steen, and Peter de Hooghe's "Card Players"—all very fine examples of the respective masters. And "An Old Woman Reading," by Nicholas Maes, is admirable in light and colour. But even these must give place to a splendid picture by Gerard Terburg, again from Buckingham Palace—a young lady in a white silk dress reading "The Letter," which gives the picture its title, with other figures.

Among the early Italian School we must not linger. Only from a technical standpoint is there much interest in the saints and Holy Families—the pietas, the triptychs of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. But crossing to Spain, we find Velasquez credited with two fine portraits:

of D'Olivarez, the great Spanish Minister who plotted against Richelieu in France, and fooled the Duke of Buckingham in England; and of that statesman's master, Philip the Fourth of Spain, with a good German face, in whose son, Charles, ended the line of the Spanish Hapsburgs—a termination which was the beginning of those wars of the Spanish succession which devastated Europe, and left such a burden of debt upon our shoulders. In this sense we may look with interest upon an adjoining portrait, by Velasquez, that of the Infanta Maria Theresa, Philip's daughter, who transmitted the fatal gift of the Spanish inheritance to the House of Bourbon, a mere child, and all unconscious of the unhappy destiny in store for her as the neglected wife of the "Roi Soleil."

In the same gallery there is an elaborate and magnificent work of the Flemish School, the "Adoration of the Magi," by Mabuse, very famous and interesting; and from the same collection, the Earl of Ashburnham's, comes a most interesting picture of an earlier period of the same school, "Solomon and the Queen of Sheba," by Lucas van Leyden, where Solomon appears in all the magnificence of a mediæval prince. This fine picture is the very last, No. 109, in the catalogue of oil paintings.

Returning to the large gallery, No. 3, we may find two Van Dycks of some historical interest: a flattering portrait of Henrietta Maria, the unlucky Queen of Charles the First; and a young Duke of Richmond of the Lennox Stuart line, very splendid, but effeminate, with his long, fair ringlets. An interesting group, too, both for English and Americans, is that of Lord Baltimore and his infant son, with a negro attendant. The artist is one Gerard Zoeet, who, judging from this specimen of his work, ought to have acquired more fame than seems to have been given him. The chief portrait represents a strong, intelligent, acquisitive man, who grasps in his hand a map of Maryland, which belongs to him—soil and inhabitants—by virtue of a grant from the Crown. The little boy at his knee also grasps at the map, with the eagerness of a spoilt child. My lord takes his title not from the now flourishing city of Baltimore—the very reverse was the case—but from a not very important town on a rugged promontory on the Irish coast, not far from that Cape Clear whose light is so often hailed with gratitude by Atlantic voyagers. The possession of Maryland brought little good to the Calverts Lords

Baltimore. It was too vast and indefinite a possession to be grasped, and the family ended, hardly a century afterwards, in a wretched profligate, who barely escaped the gallows.

Not far off is a good portrait of Sheridan, at his most brilliant epoch—the Sheridan of Westminster Hall and the great Begum speech, and well painted by Romney. And Romney shows to advantage in this exhibition, even against the great Sir Joshua; the beauties of his court conspicuous for form and colour, while the charm and sentiment of Sir Joshua's lovely women appeal to us through a mist of faded tints. Of Romney's beauties of the day—a day in which he divided the town into factions, which sided either with him or Reynolds—his representative beauties in this collection are of no great fame beyond their own circle. We have Elizabeth Cumberland, daughter of the great—now forgotten—writer, Richard Cumberland, a daughter who afterwards became Lady Cavendish Bentinck; Mrs. Blenheim; Lady Caroline Price; Mrs. Powys; Lady Milnes: all, as far as we know, happy in having no particular history. A delightful domestic group—Mrs. Carwardine and her child—was evidently a labour of love to the handsome, if sombre, artist, whose own wife and child lived unacknowledged and obscure in a remote village in the Lake country.

Sir Joshua, perhaps, is more fortunate in his female subjects. There is beautiful Polly Kennedy, as warm-hearted as she was beautiful; the ever memorable Jessamy Bride, already alluded to; a very sweet figure of Contemplation—a sweet face, rather, for the figure is but indefinite. Then we have one of those groups in which the playfulness of childhood is so happily contrasted with maternal sweetness and grace, in "Lady Ann Butler and Child."

But, after all, the pleasantest part of the show is yet unvisited. For in the large "Water-Colour Room," and the little "Black and White" room beyond, we have spread out for our delectation an historical series of the great school of English water-colourists. There is Paul Sandby to begin with—is not his medallion the first on the façade of the Water-Colour Society's rooms in Piccadilly? But Paul Sandby is more often heard about than seen, and hence it is good for us to meet with a round half-dozen examples of his works, lent by the Queen from Windsor.

Paul began his career not long after Culloden by drawing forts, and ravelins, and bastions in the Highlands for the then Duke of Cumberland. There is a military precision about his touch that must have served him well with his pupils at the Artillery School at Woolwich, where he was professor of drawing. But his delicate washes are all good and true. Old Windsor rises before us from his sketches not without humour in the accessories, the people in the street, the chimney-sweep, the tradesman in his cart—all in pleasant contrast to the lumbering old gate with the hinges off, to the tumble-down towers and grassy walls. For in those days the Castle was a pleasant place to ramble and sketch in—a plateau with wide vacant spaces here and there, and broken walls and buildings turned to all manner of purposes. For the Castle was not then used as a Royal residence, the King when at Windsor living at the Lodge, in the Great Park, which is shown by Paul Sandby in its ruddy, comfortable pomp and state, with coaches and horses, and lacqueys in attendance.

After Sandby come a number of less known followers, many doing good work in a tentative way, working mostly for engravers and publishers, but gaining occasional glimpses at Nature. Then we have Thomas Hearne, a fine architectural and antiquarian draughtsman, and John Robert Cozens—actually the grandson of Peter the Great, a memorial of Peter's "avatar" as shipwright at Deptford. But Cozens was an industrious worker, both with burin and pencil, and here are numerous specimens of his work, chiefly Italian landscapes.

But the first of the water-colour masters who grasps the resources of his medium, is Thomas Girtin, whose works are really fine and effective. We have Tattershall Castle, a fine brick structure of the fifteenth century, erroneously, but excusably, described in the catalogue as a "Norman Keep," and the white house on Battersea Reach, with the bridge in the distance. There are no white houses now to show a reflected gleam in the waters; yet, at times, in mist and gloom, the glamour of the past comes back to us.

Soft, new scenes—a kind of Dutch view of Nature—are given us by John Varley and John S. Cotman; the latter connected with some fine published prints of Norman antiquities, but here chiefly represented

by a familiar scene in our English Low Countries. But there is one sketch of his of Twickenham, with a fine old-fashioned, red-brick house, with a screen of noble trees, all bathed in sunshine, that gives us the sentiment of such a quiet retreat most happily.

Now we come to a really great master, David Cox, the son of a whitesmith and forger of bayonets and gun-barrels, near Birmingham. But for the accident—lucky for us—of poor little David breaking his leg in his sober, unromantic way over the kitchen scraper, the world might have gained an indifferent whitesmith and lost the charming colourist. But the poor weakly cripple is only fit to be a painter; has early lessons from a miniaturist, and then turns to scene-painting as a sort of colour-boy to the scene-painter of Birmingham Theatre, under the great Macready's father. There David learnt his "effects," and he has always got one up his sleeve for the simplest sketch. Coming of age, David leaves home to seek his fortune in London, and gets employment on the scenery at "Astley's," and also makes drawings for the printsellers, and even paints scenery for provincial theatres.

David is not an adventurous youth, and being safely lodged, through the agency of his good mother, with quiet, respectable people in Lambeth Walk, he marries the eldest daughter, and settles at Dulwich, adding to his other employments that of drawing-master to the public generally. Of this period are most of his sketches on the river; he delights in wharves and old buildings, and craft gliding quietly by. A strange misfortune breaks up his little home. He is drawn for the militia and has to fly, having no means to buy a substitute; and, escaping that danger, he is transformed into the professor of drawing at the Military College at Bagshot—now Sandhurst. Here he had William Napier, of the Peninsular War, as a pupil; but he hated the whole military business, and only stayed a year.

Still the artist seems to feel that his art is hardly strong enough to go alone, and he takes a settled income at Hereford, in one of those famous, old-fashioned "ladies' schools," of which the pattern is now almost lost. And here he works zealously and contentedly for a dozen years or more, dwelling in an old thatched cottage, and delighting in the pleasant scenes he sketches upon the rivers Lugg and Wye. And

then he feels that his time has come, breaks up his camp on the Lugg, and settles in London. Another dozen years and more follow of hard, but well-rewarded, work in London. David had made his mark by this time, and had put by money; so now he is master of himself, and makes another move back to his own paternal country, and settles in a comfortable house of his own, close to the unpicturesque metropolis of hardware. David was now approaching his sixtieth year, and, you may have thought, meditated days of ease and retirement. But, strange to say, the most successful, and perhaps the most brilliant, period of his art here commenced. It was then he first discovered Bettwasy-coed, and became the patriarch of that jolly yearly gathering, which still dwells in living memory. Nor did his eye fail, nor his hand grow dim, till he bade a conscious farewell to brush, and palette, and easel, on the very brink of the dark river of death.

Here his works speak for him—slightly represented as they are, and not with the most characteristic succession of his various periods; but still there is enough to show his merits, and he can stand side by side, even with J. M. W. Turner, in his water-colours, without fearing the contrast. Yet there are excellent drawings by Turner—a noble view of York Minster; the Mewstone, by Plymouth, with great seas breaking over it; Folkestone, as one might see it in some exalted mood of sea and sky; the Rhine, a vision of a fair river, and other fine drawings. Then we come to Peter de Wint, mannered, and rather stagey, but always effective. Then we seem to come upon modern times suddenly in William Hunt, who is a fine colourist in still life, and something of a humorist in his honest country figures. There is just a taste of Samuel Prout, famous limner of old towns and architecture. An earlier artist, George Barrett, from Dublin, is well represented in some beautiful drawings. And G. F. Robson is shown to advantage in a splendid view of Durham, and its Cathedral, "half house of God, half tower against the Scot."

But we seem to be getting to quite modern times with John Frederick Lewis, R.A. What finish and what dexterity in his works, and yet we would not give a "blot" by old farmer Cox for them all. Here is Samuel Palmer with his gorgeous skies, that contrast so painfully with

the actual chilly, murky close of day as it comes on at this present. So that there is hardly light for the great master of a day not long past—the inimitable Frederick Walker, A.R.A., here represented by some of his most sympathetic works. The well-known "Ferry," the "Fishmonger's Shop," with its humour, the "Vale of Rest," "The Wayfarers," with its pathetic suggestions and contrasts; the idyllic "Spring," "Summer," and "Autumn"—what can one want more or better than these?

THE STUDY OF GREEK.

ONE of the most burning questions of the day in the scholastic sphere is that of the retention or rejection of Greek as an essential element in the higher education. Until a very recent time every aspirant to a University degree has been required to show a certain knowledge of the Greek language and literature, and this requirement has made the teaching of it the rule and its absence the exception in the programme of all higher-grade schools throughout the country. The first step towards the disuse of Greek was taken when the Charity Commissioners, in drawing up their schemes for the administration of endowed schools of the second grade, reduced Greek to the level of an extra, and decreed that it should not be taught save on payment of an additional fee, which, though small, is in the majority of cases practically prohibitive. By this regulation, Greek ceased at once to be an essential portion of the curriculum of a large number of schools, and became, in so far as concerned them, an *ἐγ καλλώπισμα πλούτου*—a superfluity for the wealthy, instead of a necessary common to all who could attain to a certain standard of learning.

A more important step in the same direction has recently been taken by the University of London, which has now ceased to enforce Greek as an essential for matriculation, though it is still required of all candidates for degrees in Arts.

In the older Universities some knowledge of Greek is still exacted from all students; but even here the tide of opposition to its compulsory enforcement is rapidly rising. In 1878 a memorial signed by many of our leading scholars was addressed to the University of Cambridge,

praying that candidates for an Honour Degree might be exempt from the necessity of passing in Greek; and about the same time a statute to the same effect is said to have been actually drafted at Oxford. Even more significant is the action taken at the recent Head Master's Conference held at Oxford in December last. At this gathering of the chiefs of our great public schools, the following resolution was proposed by the head master of Harrow, Rev. J. E. C. Welldon:

"That in the opinion of this Conference it would be a gain to education if Greek were not a compulsory subject in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge."

This resolution was supported absolutely by the head masters of Winchester, Clifton, and Shrewsbury, and, with certain reservations, by the head masters of Rugby, Marlborough, and Wellington. It was lost by a majority so small as to make the ultimate victory of the champions of relaxation almost a foregone conclusion.

Since the publication of the proceedings of the Conference, the educational world has been ringing with the noise of the "Greek" controversy. Professor Freeman on the one side, and the "Journal of Education" on the other, have lashed with merciless sarcasm the head masters who were unfortunate enough to differ from their ideas. The old warfare of "Greeks" and "Trojans," which distracted the University of Oxford at the commencement of the sixteenth century, seems ready to break out afresh; and, meanwhile, the non-scholastic public looks on with wonder and amusement at the discord among the experts.

But, in truth, the question is one which the experts are practically powerless to settle. Where, as in England, education is not directed by the State, but is left to be regulated by teachers, or bodies of teachers, competing with one another for the support of the public, there, in the long run at least, the direction of education will be determined by the public demand; and the public demand, in this case, means the wishes of parents who have sons to educate.

The head master of Wellington College is reported to have said at the Head Masters' Conference that he was accustomed to hear the parent's formula: "You may teach my son anything, provided you don't teach him Greek." If the formula in question really represents

the conviction of a large number of parents, there can be no doubt that Greek will gradually sink in our chief public schools to the same position as it now holds in schools of the second grade. This change is one which, on the one hand, lies in the power of parents to bring about, and, on the other hand, primarily affects parents through its effect on their children. It must therefore be worth the while of every parent to consider with some attention the place and function of the study of Greek in the education of the present day.

In approaching the consideration of this subject, we shall do well to remind ourselves of a truth which, though often overlooked, is the foundation on which all true theories of teaching rest: the truth that education is not primarily an imparting of knowledge or information, but as its name implies, an harmonious drawing out of all the powers of human nature, whether moral, physical, or intellectual. In a narrower sense, the term is often applied to the training and development of the intellectual powers alone; and though no one acquainted with Greek literature would be willing to admit that the study of it is without effect on physical and moral growth, yet, inasmuch as it is chiefly the intellectual side of education which we are here considering, we may legitimately content ourselves for the present with this narrower definition, and consider education to be the developing of the intellect to its utmost power for the practical purposes of life.

From this point of view we may fruitfully establish a comparison between education and physical training. An oarsman training for a boat-race, a cricketer training for a series of matches, a bicyclist training for a prolonged ride; all athletes, in short, who are preparing themselves for any athletic feat, have one part of their preparation in common—namely, that which tends to the establishment of a perfect state of health. To be "in good condition"—in other words, to have every function and every muscle of the body in effective working order—is the necessary preliminary for all alike. When this is secured, it is easy to superadd to the general effectiveness of the bodily powers, the special dexterity in the use of certain muscles which is required in the particular case; and this development of special dexterity forms the second part in athletic training.

The conditions of intellectual training are precisely similar. Every man has first

to be developed as a citizen of a civilised community in general, and afterwards to this general development to superadd the training of those special dexterities which are necessary to him as a specialised citizen of a highly complex organism. Without these special dexterities he can, in a society constituted as is ours of the present day, neither do useful service to the community nor make his own living; but his power of acquiring them rapidly and effectively depends on his general intellectual development. Again, without this general development he is so lacking in versatility, so entirely reduced to the level of a machine, that if the community ceases to require the special dexterities to which he has been trained he can acquire no others, and is doomed to a life of inactivity, and possibly even of destitution, just as an over-specialised artisan is thrown permanently out of work when an improvement in production renders his special form of skill valueless to his employer. Whether therefore we look to the needs of the community, which requires that the citizens, by whose voices it is governed, should be men trained to think intelligently upon any question which may come before them—or whether we look to the needs of the individual, who depends for his support on his power to adapt his services to the needs of the community, it is clear that a general development of the intellect must precede its special training.

Hence it follows that the primary object of education is neither to cram the mind with information, nor yet to impart an empirical familiarity with the use of certain intellectual processes, but to train the mind to think with freedom, clearness, and accuracy on any subject which may be presented to it; and then to apply the mind, so trained, to the special modes of thought with which it will hereafter have most largely to deal.

Now the chief difficulty in learning to think freely, clearly, and accurately, lies in the relation of thought to the language in which thought is expressed. Without language, to fix, to define, and to record our floating conceptions of things, thought, of any but the most rudimentary kind, would be well nigh inconceivable. But the very fixity and definiteness which language gives is apt to make thought rigid, to rob it of the fluidity without which growth is impossible. Our mind seizes on one side of a complex idea, it realises that side vividly, and gives to the

idea a name which embodies and preserves that realisation. So far all is well. But the idea has many other sides, and the danger is that the name may blind us to the existence of the other sides, and so prevent us from enlarging and correcting our first conception by gradually taking them into account. It is fatally easy to imagine that what we can name we thoroughly understand. It is fatally easy to forget the essentially metaphorical nature of all language, save that which deals with the simplest impressions of the physical senses; and thus the name which, at first, was but a metaphor, a suggestive comparison thrown out to indicate the impression made upon us, comes to be treated as a clear-cut scientific record of fact. The next step is taken when the name so treated is extended by analogy to similar ideas to which the metaphor on which it is based does not apply; and thus the same name comes to be used for a large series of ideas, covering a wide mental area. The differences between the proximate members of the series may be, and generally are, very slight; but their cumulative effect is great as between the extremes, and the difference is disguised by the use of the common name. Then, the conclusions legitimately drawn at one point of the series are applied to all the ideas covered by the common name, without any suspicion that a fallacy is being committed; and language which, in its right use, is the source of clearness, becomes, thus misused, the source of confusion.

Did space permit, it would be easy to illustrate this truth from almost any sphere of human thought. The use which has been made in theology of the terms justification, election, inspiration, the "real" presence; in politics, of the terms liberty, order, authority, coercion; in science, of the terms evolution, the survival of the fittest, might all serve to show how language can confuse thought as well as clear it, and to convince us that if words are our best servants they can also become the worst of tyrants.

Against this danger in the use of language, the chief safeguard lies in familiarity with several languages, or, at least, with one language differing widely from our own. A conception which under its English name appears perfectly clear and definite, is in many cases seen to be hazy and indistinct when we come to express it in a language which has no dictionary equivalent for the English name,

and in which we are, therefore, forced to render the conception by a complete phrase. This process forces us, at once, to clear our conceptions, to think them out; and the habit of translating our thoughts into other languages, or, better still, of thinking in other languages than our own, is thus the best of mental disciplines, for it compels us, whether we will or no, to follow the golden rule laid down by Pascal in the "Port Royal Logic":

"Never to abuse the equivocation of terms by failing to substitute for them, mentally, the definitions which restrict and explain them."

Now, this necessity for explaining our conceptions arises far more frequently, and is far more fundamental in the study of the classical than in that of the modern languages. The languages of nineteenth century Europe have in common a large stock of complex conceptions, and also of words either absolutely identical, or formed on the same analogy, which are used for their expression. In dealing, therefore, with the very conceptions which it is most important to treat clearly, we find that the same word represents them in English, French, and Italian, while the German term is a mere literal translation of the metaphor on which the name is based [cf. *development*, *Entwicklung*]. In translating our thought into a modern language, therefore, we are apt to remain under the dominion of the very words whose tyranny we dread in our own.

With Greek and Latin it is not so.

The civilisation of the Greek and Latin races differs so widely from our own, the outlook of those races upon Nature and life is so distinct from ours, that in translating our conceptions into their languages, we are compelled to look at those conceptions from a new point of view, to face them as they would appear to an impartial observer whose attention was drawn to them for the first time, and to explain them as clearly as we should have to explain them to one who had never heard of them before.

The effect which the study of these languages thus exercises, in compelling us to go back from words to the thoughts which words represent, constitutes the great disciplinary value of those languages as an instrument of education. And of the two there can be no doubt that Greek is far the more effective. There are, it is true, practical reasons which render the study of Latin—the stock from which have sprung all the

languages of South Western Europe—almost imperative in our schools; but for purposes of mental training Latin cannot compare with Greek.

The Greek language combines, as no other language has combined, the opposite qualities of subtlety and lucidity; it is capable of expressing the most delicate shades of meaning, and yet remaining perfectly clear and transparent; it unites the charm of lightness which marks the highest French prose, with the exactness and precision which characterise the best German writing; it is the finest instrument ever invented by man for the expression of his thought. To be brought into contact with such a language, and to be compelled to define and clear our own conceptions by expressing them in its forms, is to have given our intellects the most truly "liberal" education which they are capable of receiving.

And this language is thus important, not only in itself, but as the key to a literature in many respects unique. The Greeks are the great original thinkers and original designers of the world—and every age of original thought and original design turns instinctively to the Greeks as to the race with which it is spiritually akin.

St. Bernard has somewhere said that of all who pursue after knowledge, only he is to be commended who pursues it for edification. The Greek would not have used the word "edification"; but the thought in its widest and noblest sense, the sense that knowledge is valuable because it builds the perfect man—was the leading idea of his life. With him clear knowledge was a passion—to see things clearly as they are was the one thing worth living for—to be deceived, to be mistaken, the worst of misfortunes. Hence that perpetual going back to first principles which makes Greek philosophical literature the most stimulating of studies to the thinker in any branch of study; hence that direct contact with Nature which makes the poetry of Greece the freshest and most spontaneous poetry of the world; hence that passionate worship of beauty—which is to form what clearness is to speech—which has made the Greek statue the model and the despair of every succeeding age.

Thus, the very qualities in which we, as Englishmen, are apt to be most lacking—the passion for clearness, for getting at the exact truth of things, and the passion for beauty, for getting at the inmost form of

things, as they exist in the mind of their Divine Architect—these are fostered by the study of Greek as they are fostered by no other form of education; and the boy must be pronounced unhappy who, having this well of fresh water ready to his lips, is allowed to pass it by untasted.

On the other hand, it must freely be admitted that if the study of Greek is thus a valuable mental discipline, it is so only when it is carried to a certain point of attainment. The student to whom it means nothing gains nothing by it. The school-boy who never gets beyond the "Anabasis" of Xenophon; the undergraduate, whether passman or candidate for scientific or mathematical honours, who manages to scrape through two Greek plays and a couple of books of Greek prose by learning his crib by heart, has probably derived no benefit from the study which might not have been gained with infinitely less labour from other subjects.

Inasmuch, therefore, as the time given to school education is necessarily limited, and only a restricted number of subjects can be studied with any thoroughness, it is evident that in many cases Greek must be sacrificed. It must be abandoned in the case of boys who are to leave school at a comparatively early age to enter on a business career; it probably should be abandoned in the case of those who, after two or three years of genuine trial, appear intellectually incapable of the study. But to prevent a boy who might have derived the full benefits of the Greek language and literature from embarking upon the study of them, and that under the pressure of no practical necessity, but in obedience to an unreasoned prejudice, is to inflict upon him the cruellest of wrongs; it is to cripple him as a thinker in all the higher branches of human thought, and to decree that he shall enter the kingdom of the intellect halt and maimed, if, indeed, it be not, in many a case, to prevent him from entering it altogether.

THE TREVERTON MARRIAGE.

A SHORT SERIAL STORY.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. CULLINGWORTH, though not gifted with sensitiveness regarding some matters which are supposed to be outside the lines of high-minded action, was not wholly

without a sense of honour; such as we are told exists amongst thieves. He was determined on winning his client's cause, and would leave no stone unturned to attain that end, no matter how dirty that stone might be, and what mud and slime and loathsome crawling things might be revealed, and set in motion by the turning; and he would never have betrayed a client's trust by giving a hint to the outside world of what was going on. But, alas! this secret was not in his keeping. Every man, woman, and child within forty miles of Oswaldburn knew that Miss Treverton denied the legality of her father's marriage, and was taking steps to have it set aside. Consequently, a paragraph appeared in one of the small, so-called society papers, which was copied into many provincial papers, and naturally into every paper in Sir Everard's own county:

"A cause célèbre of startling interest will shortly come before the Law Courts, in which the honour of an ancient family is deeply concerned. It will be remembered that a short time ago, Sir Everard Treverton, of Oswaldburn Chase, Moorlandshire, was married at the British Embassy, Paris, to a young lady of great attractions, whose acquaintance he had very recently made. Though nothing was positively known against the lady, the marriage caused a painful family quarrel, and the lawyers and private enquiry offices are supposed to be busily at work in the matter. It is said that there are grave grounds for doubt as to the legality of the marriage, which was admittedly a very hurried and secret affair. It is not unlikely that before long the Treverton marriage case will become as famous as the old Yelverton case. There is grave reason to believe that something very like bigamy may be proved against one of the parties concerned."

Sir Everard and Lady Treverton, who never read society papers, and who rarely glanced at the local papers, were the very last to hear of this terrible scandal, which took hold of the public none the less firmly, because the paper responsible for it lived on the fame it won through libel actions. Being a penny paper, it had an extensive circulation in third-class railway carriages, pits of theatres, and public-houses. It was in the pit of the Adelphi Theatre that a stranger from the prairies read it, wiling away the weary wait till the curtain should rise.

"Well! If such a stroke of luck ever

happened!" he muttered between his teeth. He rose at once; crushed past the packed rows of audience, for he had the best place in the middle front of the pit; heedless of the corns he walked over, and the language he called forth. He had waited long for this good place; he had longed ardently to see the "Shaughraun," which was a brand-new play to him; but there was something for which he had waited far longer, far more patiently; a story he had to tell far more stirring than the "Shaughraun," or any play that ever was played on mimic stage.

He found his way to a private enquiry office. It was closed; but he gained admittance on the strength of important information. He was referred to Mr. Cullingworth, of Bedford Row; at this hour presumably at his private residence in Woburn Square.

To Woburn Square he bent his steps; it was only ten minutes' walk. Mr. Cullingworth was dining out; would not be in before twelve. The stranger said he would call again. Mr. Cullingworth would be glad to hear such news as his, coming however late at night.

Mr. Cullingworth returned at one, and found the stranger waiting. He called himself Isaac Stort; on business connected with the Treverton marriage case.

At four next morning, Isaac Stort might have been seen wending his way from Woburn Square to his lodgings in Soho. Later, the telegraph clerk at the High Holborn post office was knocked up by Mr. Cullingworth, who handed in a number of telegrams, chiefly for foreign climes. One was addressed to Miss Treverton, at a Brook Street hotel, and was handed to her by her maid a little after six o'clock:

"Come to me at once, at 70, Woburn Square. Cullingworth."

Helena sprang from her bed. Then he had found it all out. Nothing but triumphant fact could, of course, have bid him summon her at such an hour. Breakfast! As if there was time for such a superfluity! As if she needed food or stimulant after such glorious news!

But she had to wait for Mr. Cullingworth, who had hardly expected such prompt response, and had allowed himself some repose after his busy night. When awakened, he was obliged to have his bath, to clear his sleepy head. He found Helena at last, frantic with impatience.

"Then it is settled!" she burst out. "My father's second marriage is null and

void? There is not a doubt in the matter?"

"Sir Everard's second marriage was null and void. I fear there is not a doubt in the matter," said the lawyer, gravely.

"Well!" she exclaimed, looking perplexed at his manner. "Do you mean it is not yet quite certain?"

"We must, of course, have written proofs. They are easily procurable. If you choose, I can have them in my hands to-day."

He spoke slowly, and looked at her in a curiously observant way she did not understand.

"Let me advise you not to go on with your case, Miss Treverton," he said; "you will be very sorry for it if you do."

"Not go on with it! When we are sure of success! When success is ours! When the case is done with irrevocably," she exclaimed. "I suppose you are thinking of the shock to my father, and that afterwards I may repent of what I have brought upon him? I assure you there is not the least fear of such a thing. I know my father, and that he will only thank me for what I have done. He will not even regret his misplaced fancy. I am the only one he loves. I shall make up to him for the poor thing he loses, even were it the treasure he must have been cheated into believing it."

"I will tell you the story I heard last night, or, rather, this morning," said Mr. Cullingworth. "Before I do so, remember it may be a trumped-up tale; we have not proofs—not all of them—yet. Those I have in my possession may be forgeries."

"Oh, they are not! I know they are not! So you have proofs! Let me see them at once."

"I must prepare you, Miss"—he made a moment's pause, but she did not notice it—"it would be too great a shock to show them to you now. Have you breakfasted? No, my dear madam, I must insist on your taking some refreshment before we begin to discuss business matters."

He poured out a glass of wine; he found a box of biscuits and brought them to Helena, who, after an angry protest, drank the wine and accepted a biscuit as meekly as the witnesses against him answered to his cross-examinations. Then he began quietly and deliberately:

"A man who calls himself Isaac Stort called upon me last night. He is not a very respectable-looking character; but he has led a roving life since his boyhood,

which seems to have been spent in your neighbourhood—in Monkchester."

"I don't remember ever having heard the name; but, of course, Monkchester is quite a good-sized town."

"He had a sister; her name was Emily—a very pretty girl. She was barmaid at the 'Treverton Arms.'"

"But the person supposed to have married my father is extremely plain."

"It is very difficult to me to tell you what followed—you, Sir Everard's daughter."

Helena flushed scarlet, and then turned deadly pale.

"What bears upon the case you must tell me at any cost of private feeling," she said, quickly.

"This bears upon the case, since her brother declares her to have been Sir Everard's lawful wife."

"Then what good does his information do us?" Helena asked, impatiently. "I do not understand—do you mean that—really, Mr. Cullingworth, you must tell your story more plainly. The man seems to have turned up as a witness on the other side. You led me to expect quite the contrary. I am quite aware that the marriage cannot be dissolved because she is a barmaid."

"I do not suggest that the present Lady Treverton was a barmaid. My informant came, for reasons of his own, to tell me that Sir Everard was perfectly free to marry her; his reason was, that he expects to be paid handsomely by Sir Everard for his information. The mistake he made was in coming to me instead of Messrs. Larrock and Key. He had told the people at the enquiry office that he had important information to give regarding the Treverton marriage case, so the clerk sent him to me."

"I don't understand a word of it!" declared Helena.

"He did not know that Sir Everard had married again till he read the paragraph in a paper called 'The Glow-worm.' In it he read that one of the parties to the marriage was suspected of having committed bigamy. He came to assure me that Sir Everard had not lately committed bigamy, his former wife having been dead many years."

"My mother died in 1865—twenty-four years ago," Helena put in with impatient scorn.

"Of course I am aware that that is the correct date of Lady Augusta Sinclair's death."

"Then what are you keeping back to tell me?"

"A story that it is difficult to tell a young lady."

"Nevertheless, I must hear it. I suppose it is the story of this Beatrix Lyon, or Tigar, or whatever she has chosen to call herself."

"It is the story of Emily Stort."

She signified by a gesture that all names were the same to her.

"Many years ago, in 1863, a young man of position fell in love with her. He was just of age. He ran away with her to Scotland, where they went through some ceremony of marriage, perfectly valid according to Scotch law."

"She looks quite old enough for that," commented Helena, inwardly, "though, of course, she makes herself up younger."

"It happened she had another lover, with whom she had quarrelled. She was a young woman, evidently, of temper as uncertain as her principles were easy. She quarrelled with her aristocratic husband a week after their marriage. She told him enough of her other love affair to make him glad to be rid of her on any terms, so long as no one knew how he had been befooled. He was very young and sensitive. She left him for this other lover, telling him she knew the Scotch marriage was no marriage, and was married again in Liverpool, and went to America with her brother and the new husband. The ship was wrecked, but most of the crew and passengers were saved; these three amongst the number."

"Then it occurred to Mr. Isaac Stort to take advantage of the accident. No one in their native town believed that Emily had married her grand lover. Her mother was dying of a broken heart; her father had gone out of his mind with shame, and threatened to shoot the man who had robbed him of his child. Isaac wrote to them that Emily was safe in America, married to her first love, and not to the other; but, to let the old scandal die out, they must say that she was drowned in the wreck of the 'Janet.' He wrote to the man, who was her lawful husband, that she was drowned who had never been his wife. Nevertheless, she did not die until 1870."

"Died! What do you mean? She is not dead!"

"I have the certificate of her death here; also of her marriage in 1863 with—can you not guess with whom?"

"Not in the least. How is it possible?"

"Then I must tell you in plain words why you will not wish to go on with the case. The man only wants money. He has kept the certificates about him all these years for that purpose. He has long lost sight of Monkchester, and did not know of Sir Everard's recent marriage until he saw the fatal paragraph. He lived in the backwoods until he came to London a week ago, summoned by our agents, who had heard of him as a man who once boasted when he was drunk that he could tell something Sir Everard Treverton would pay him hundreds down to hold his tongue about; summoned indirectly, but surely by you—Sir Everard's daughter."

Helena had turned pale again. She made an attempt at speech, but the words did not come. She was trembling from head to foot.

"Emily Stort's lawful husband was Sir Everard Treverton—then Captain Treverton."

Still she did not speak. He saw that she was deeply shocked—mute with anger that such a story should have been told to her; but he saw she did not understand the whole. He went on slowly and distinctly:

"I have tried to prepare you; but I see you do not understand why it will be wise for you to determine on dropping the case. Emily Stort and Beatrix Lyon, the present Lady Treverton, are not the same person. Emily Stort was your father's first wife. She died in 1870. He married your mother, Lady Augusta Sinclair, in 1864."

The whole truth had not yet entered her mind. She sat stunned and silent. He took advantage of the pause to continue quickly:

"So you see, dear Miss—Miss Helena," now she started violently, and looked wildly at him, "you must buy this man's silence, or he will go with his proofs to Sir Everard. Besides, think of all the amateur dabblers in muddy waters that this Treverton marriage case will bring forward, and all they may find in them. Sir Everard cannot be expected to act more generously by you than you have acted by him and his wife. If I may advise—"

But he spoke to the air. Helena had fallen forward upon the floor in a dead faint.